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The ALL-NEW FLINTSTONES



and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera
Production



RAY DIRGO

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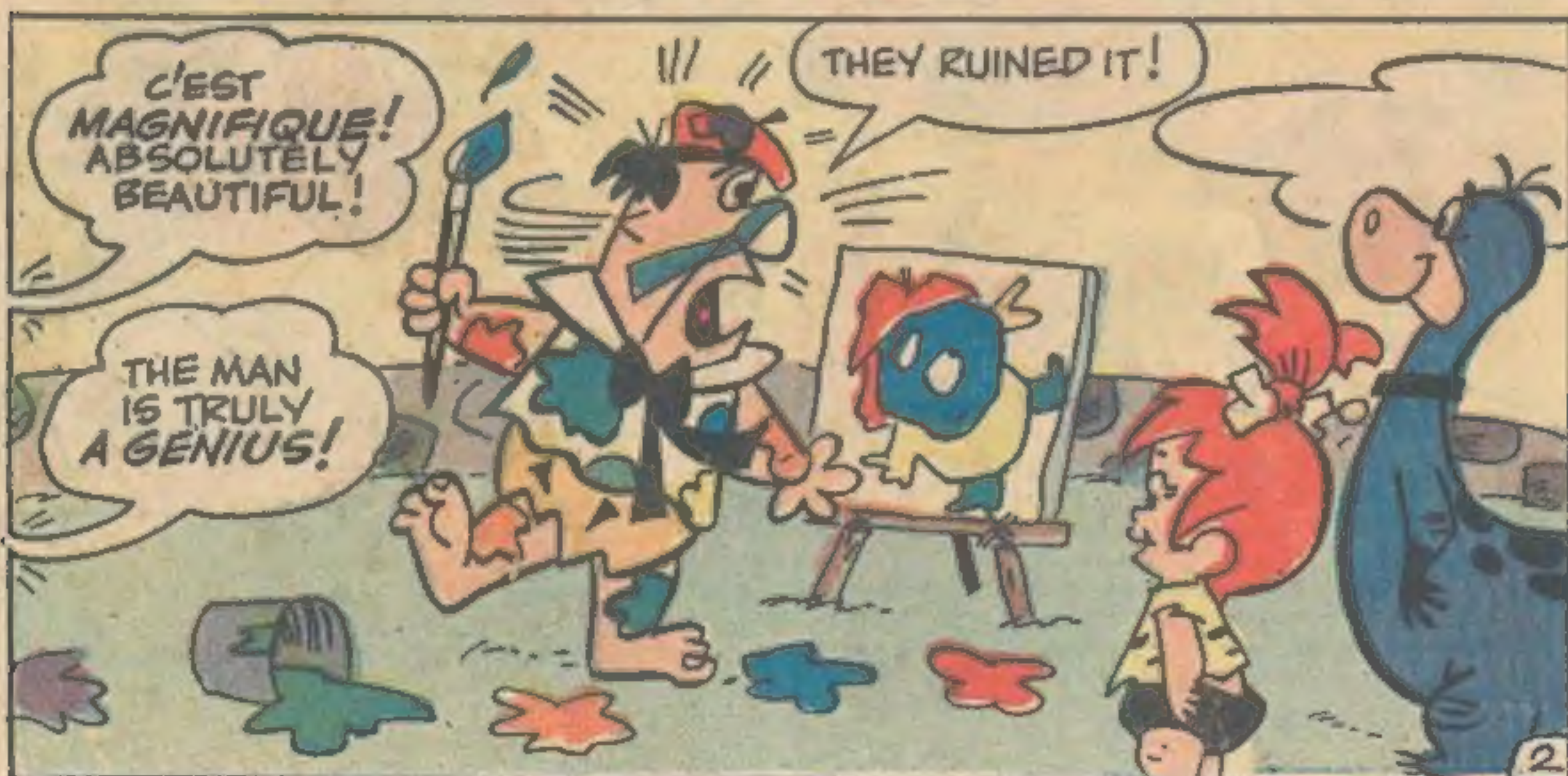
The FLINTSTONES

THE Masterpiece



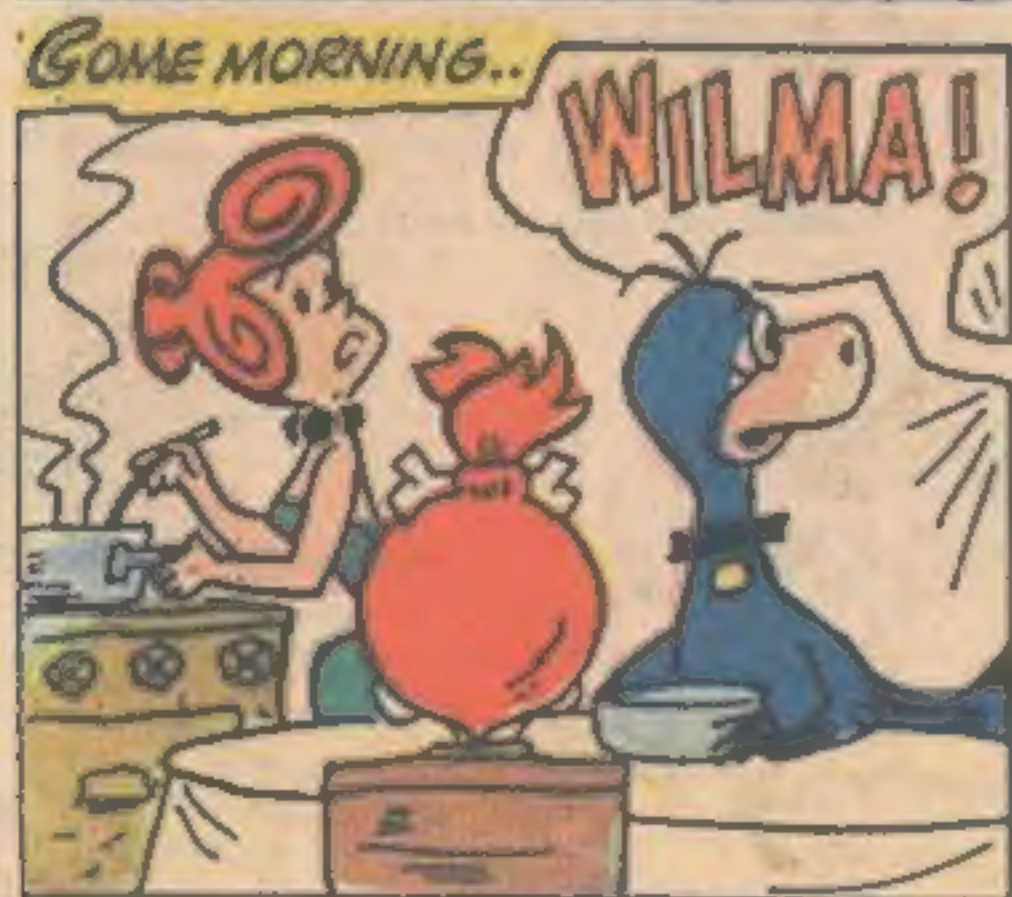
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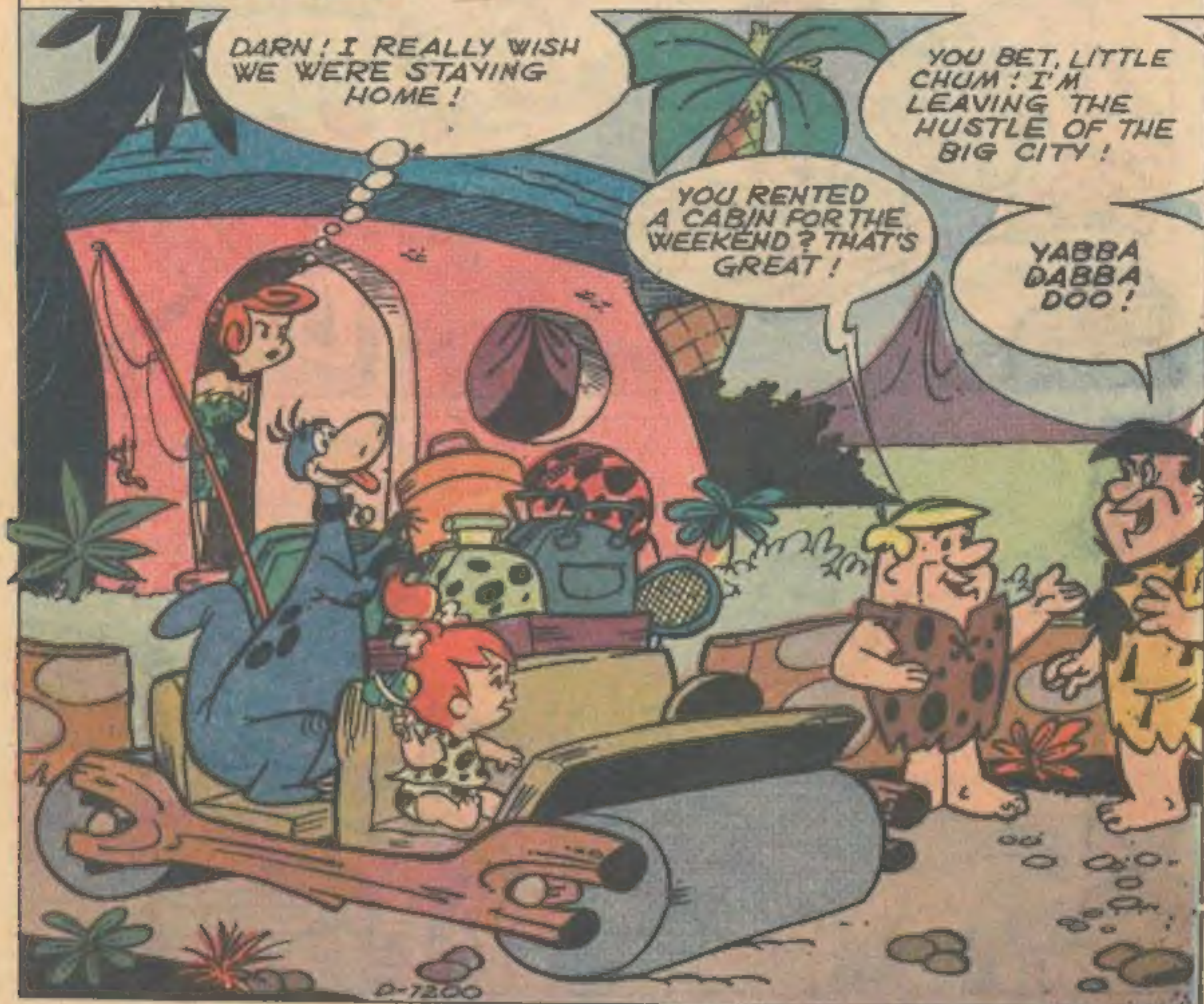


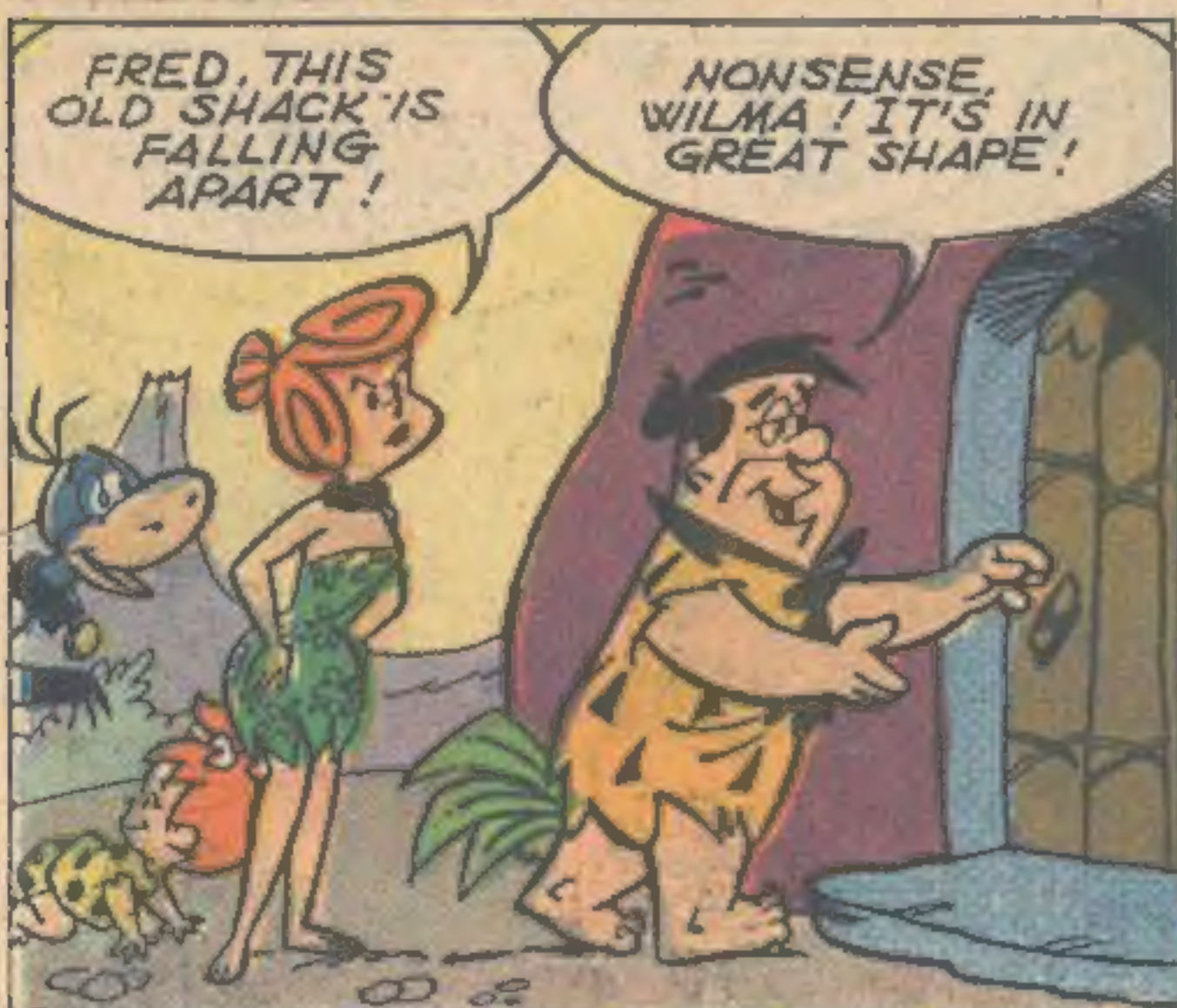




The FLINTSTONES

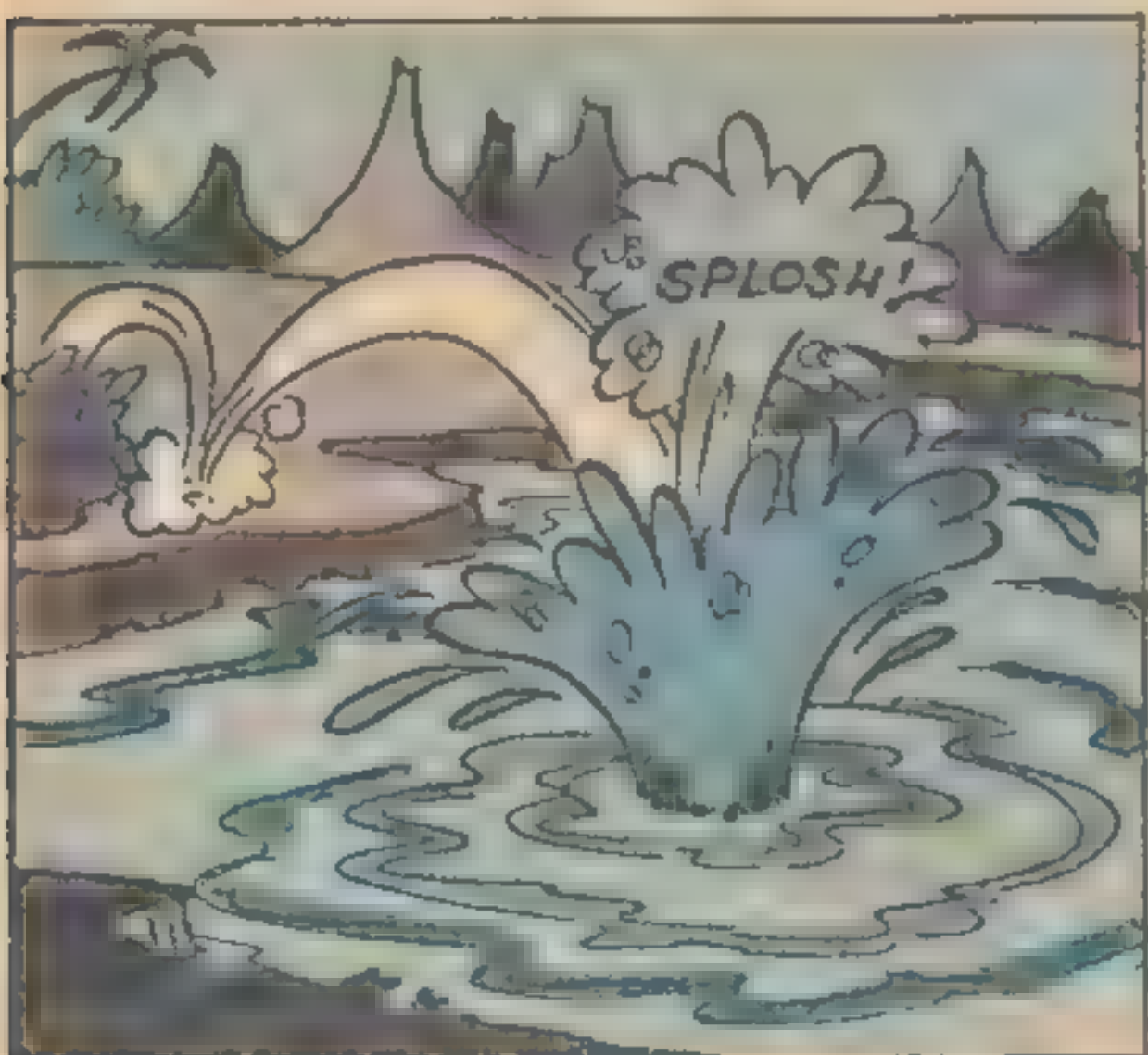
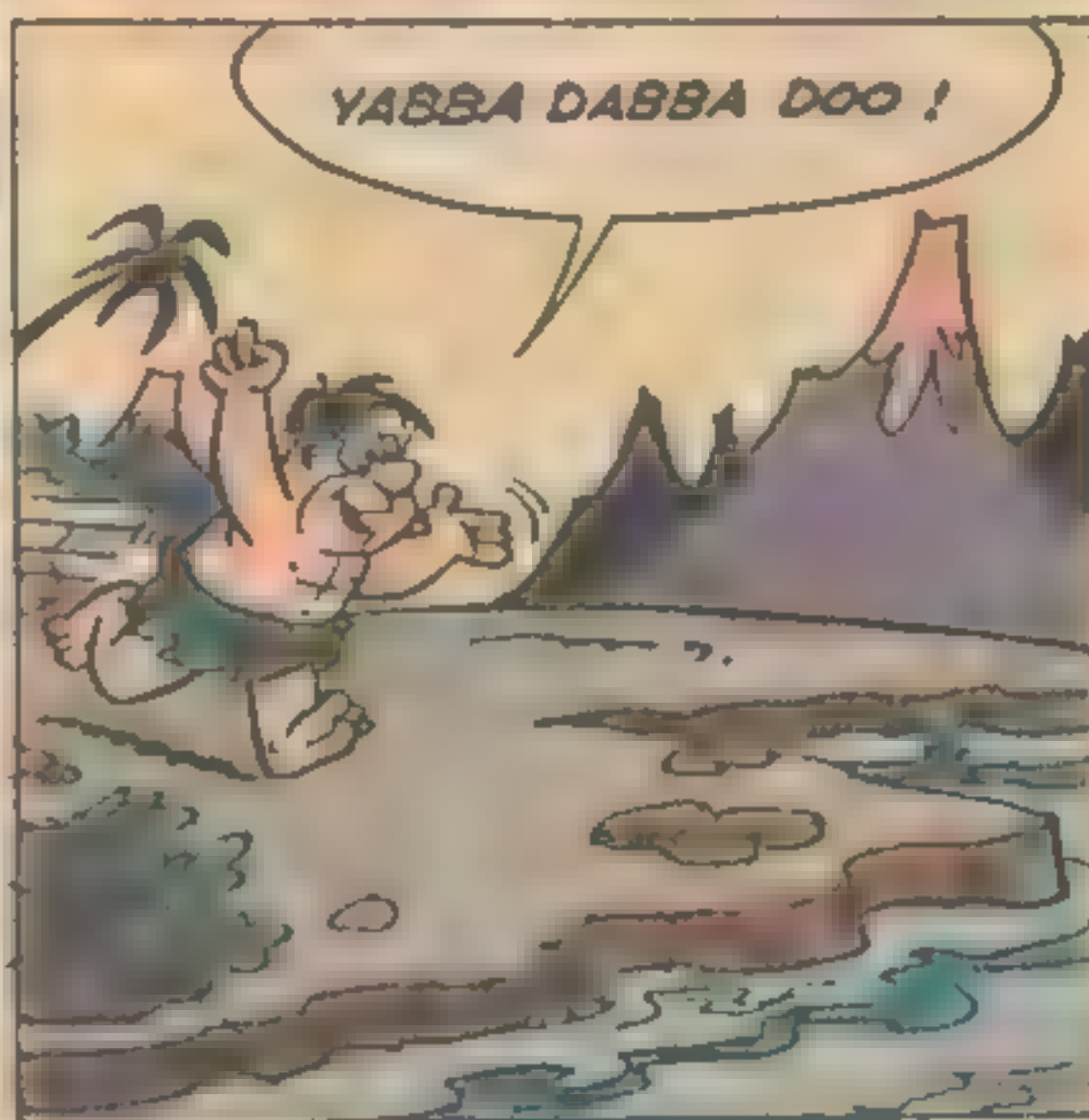
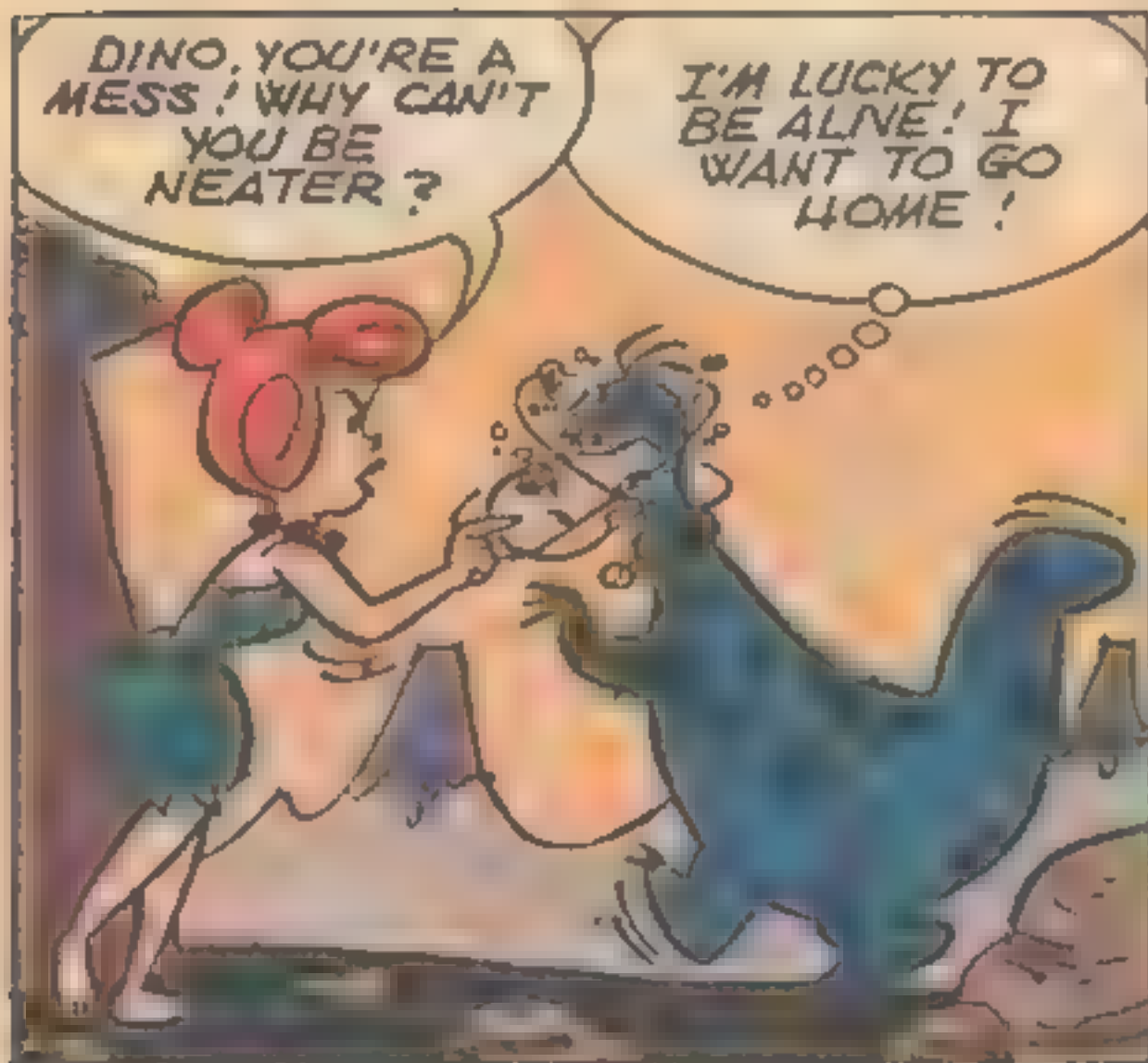
WEEKEND WOES

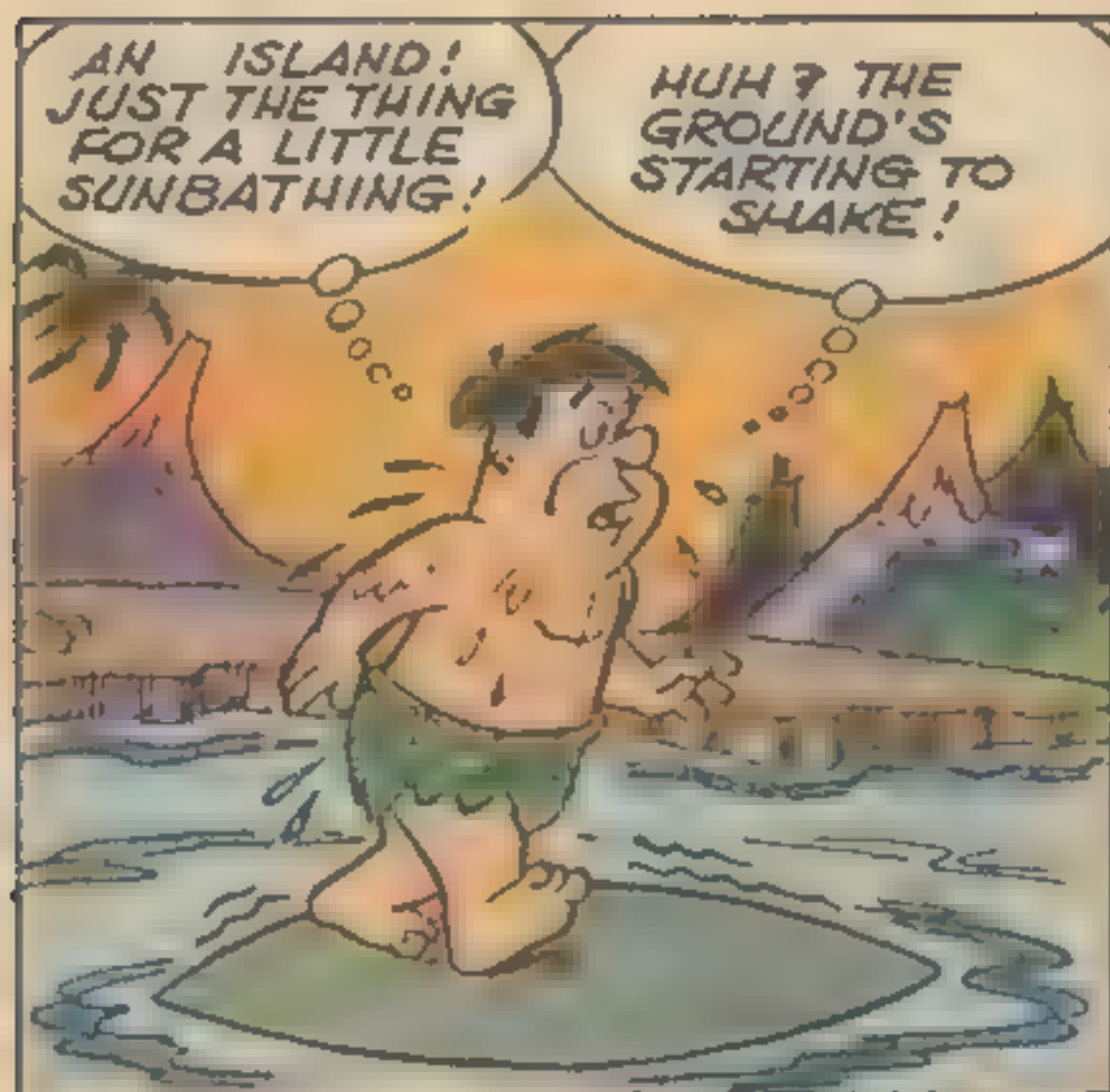


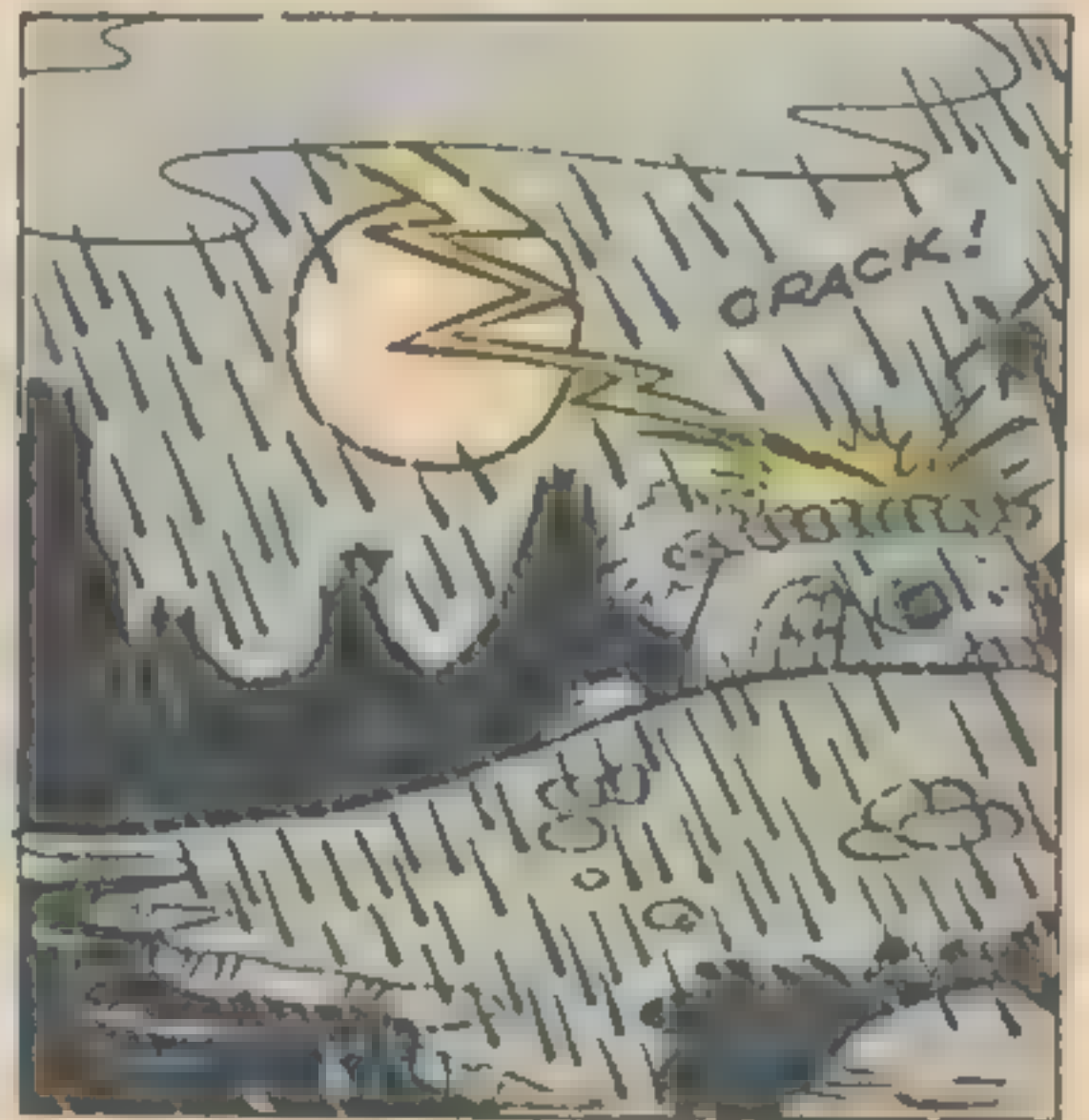
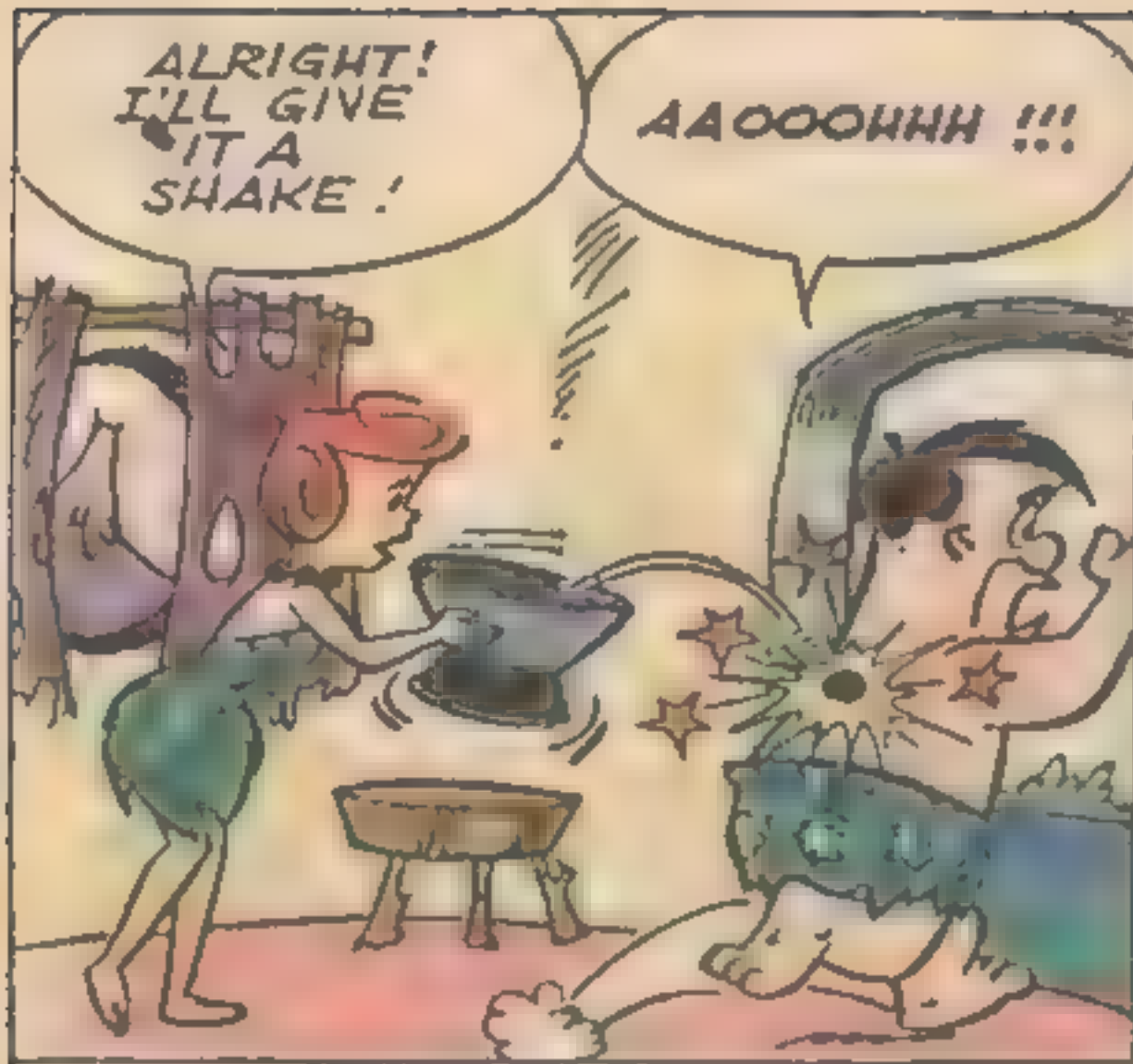












BURIED TREASURE



Wilma didn't know that Fred was working a little overtime every night. Fred would get home an hour late and tell his loving wife how the car wouldn't start or how traffic was heavy and Wilma always believed him.

Fred was saving his money. He intended to buy a new bowling ball.

It was called a "glitter-ball", and Fred could picture in his mind how the fancy new ball (custom-made to fit his own hand!) would look gleaming down the alley, the metallic flakes in the ball reflecting the lights, then BOOM! as it hit the head-pin.

Fred was sure he'd bowl a perfect game when he got that new ball. He'd have 300 games every Tuesday night when he got that ball!

The trouble was, the ball cost \$45. On an allowance of \$6.50 a week for lunch and other expenses, it would take a long, long time to save up \$45. Then, Mr. Slate had started letting Fred work overtime!

Fred had it all figured out. He'd have enough to buy the bowling ball in six weeks. All he had to do was squirrel away the loot until he had enough. The first week he brought home his pay, he kept \$7.50 back and hid it in the bureau beneath his clean clothes.

He stayed awake all night waiting for Wilma to get up and go looking in the bureau.

The second week, he had \$7.50 more. Now, there was \$15.00 beneath the handkerchiefs. Fred was beginning to look haggard guarding his precious secret. Besides that, he felt pretty guilty. Wilma

wanted a new dress. But she kept talking about how much groceries cost so she didn't get it. A couple times, Fred almost went to the bureau and took out the bowling ball money to give her, but he resisted the impulse. Not that it took much effort.

By the end of a month, Fred had \$30 saved. He wasn't able to sleep at all, lying awake night after night.

Finally, one night, he was still wide awake at 3 A.M. and he couldn't take it any longer. He checked to see if Wilma was sleeping. She was snoring quietly in a ladylike manner. So Fred climbed out of bed and went to the bureau. He took the \$30 buried beneath the clothes, went into the kitchen, and found a coffee can. There was a cover on it. Perfect!

Fred took the cash, stuffed it in the coffee can, and went out in the back yard. He had a lantern and a shovel. He and Ned Rock was awake, Fred started to dig.

Digging a two-foot deep hole, Fred buried the coffee can, then covered the hole again, smoothing it out and replacing the grass so no one would know where he'd hidden it.

Fred felt a lot better as he went back to the house.



Now, he could sleep without worrying about Wilma finding the money!

Two weeks later, Fred took the last \$7.50 he had saved from overtime and snuck out in the back yard. He went to the spot where he had buried the loot, the shovel and lantern in his hand. All he found was an empty hole. The kind Dina left all over the place when

he dug for honey!

"Oh, no!" Fred moaned, then his temper began to rise. "I'll teach that dummy not to dig up my money!"

He had the shovel in one hand, the lantern in the other, and violence in his heart. He was heading for Dina's doghouse when the lights in the house came on. Fred stopped in shock, afraid Wilma would know. She did know.

"Fred, dear!" she cooed in sweet tones. Fred was sure then he was in trouble.

"Yes, dear," Fred replied and headed for the house, trying to look innocent.

"I have a surprise for you, darling!" Wilma told him when he was inside the house. Dina was there, too, looking smug. He knew what the surprise was.

Wilma opened the big cardboard box on the table and motioned to Fred to look inside. He did and his eyes lit up. Fred reached inside. When he lifted the new bowling ball from the box, it glittered and gleamed like the greatest bowling ball ever made!

"YABBA - DABBA - DOO!" Fred yelled. He knew he'd bowl a perfect game now.

The Redneck Bowlers met the next night. Fred hurried off with his new bowling ball and ... nothing went right! The bowling ball didn't go straight! The finger holes were too small! And the ball didn't look good, it just looked fakey.

Fred didn't like it, but he was stuck with it. Then, Stash, another bowler on the team, tried it. He leaved three strikes in a row and he loved the way it felt! He knew and how it looked going down the alley!

"How much?" asked Stash.

"\$45!" said Fred. Stash paid and Fred hurried home, the tear bar in his hand. Wilma was at the door when he arrived.

"Here, Wilma — buy yourself a couple dresses!" Fred said. Wilma smiled and kissed Fred but he broke away and headed for the closet.

"What are you looking for, dear?" asked Wilma.

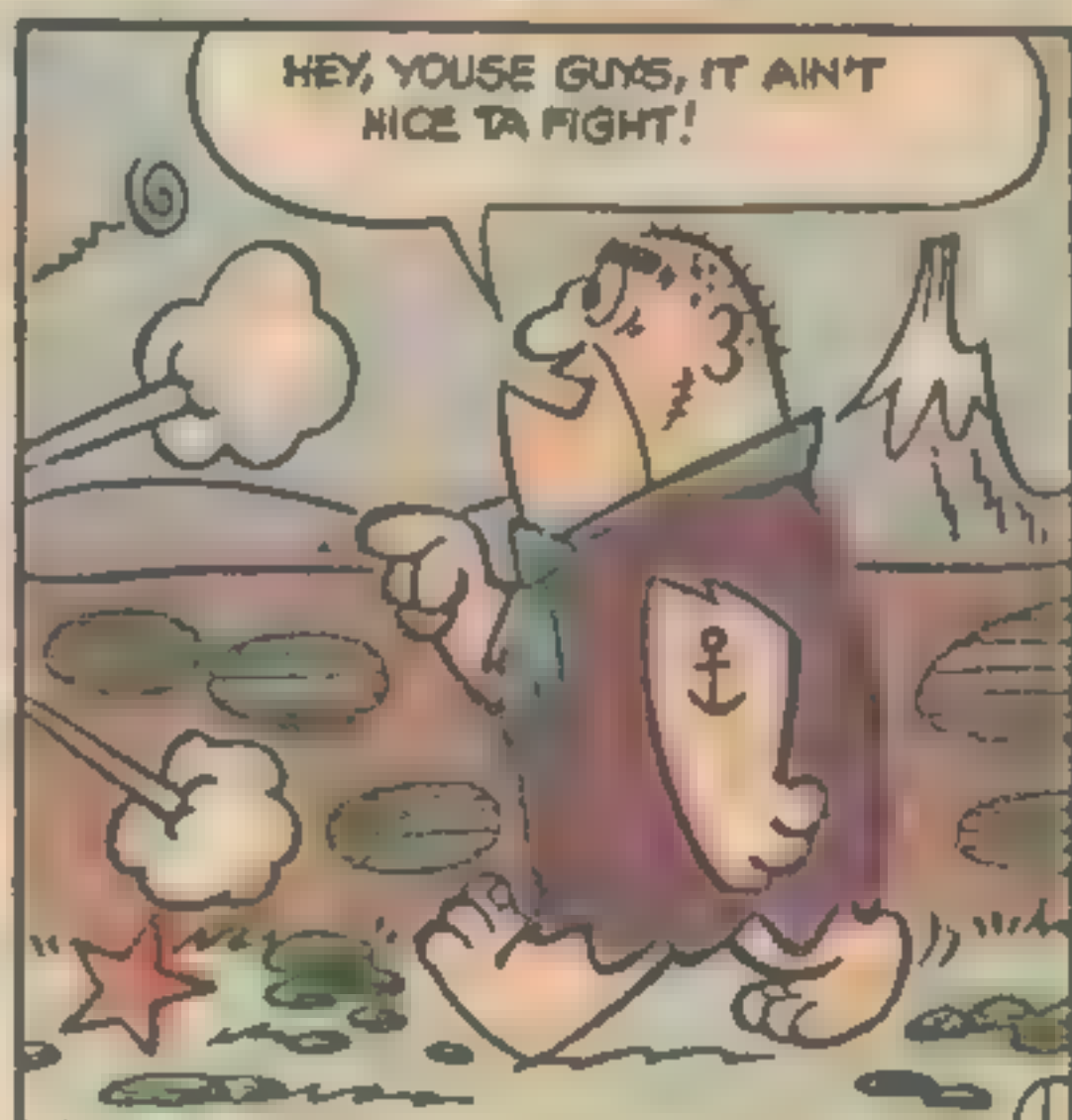
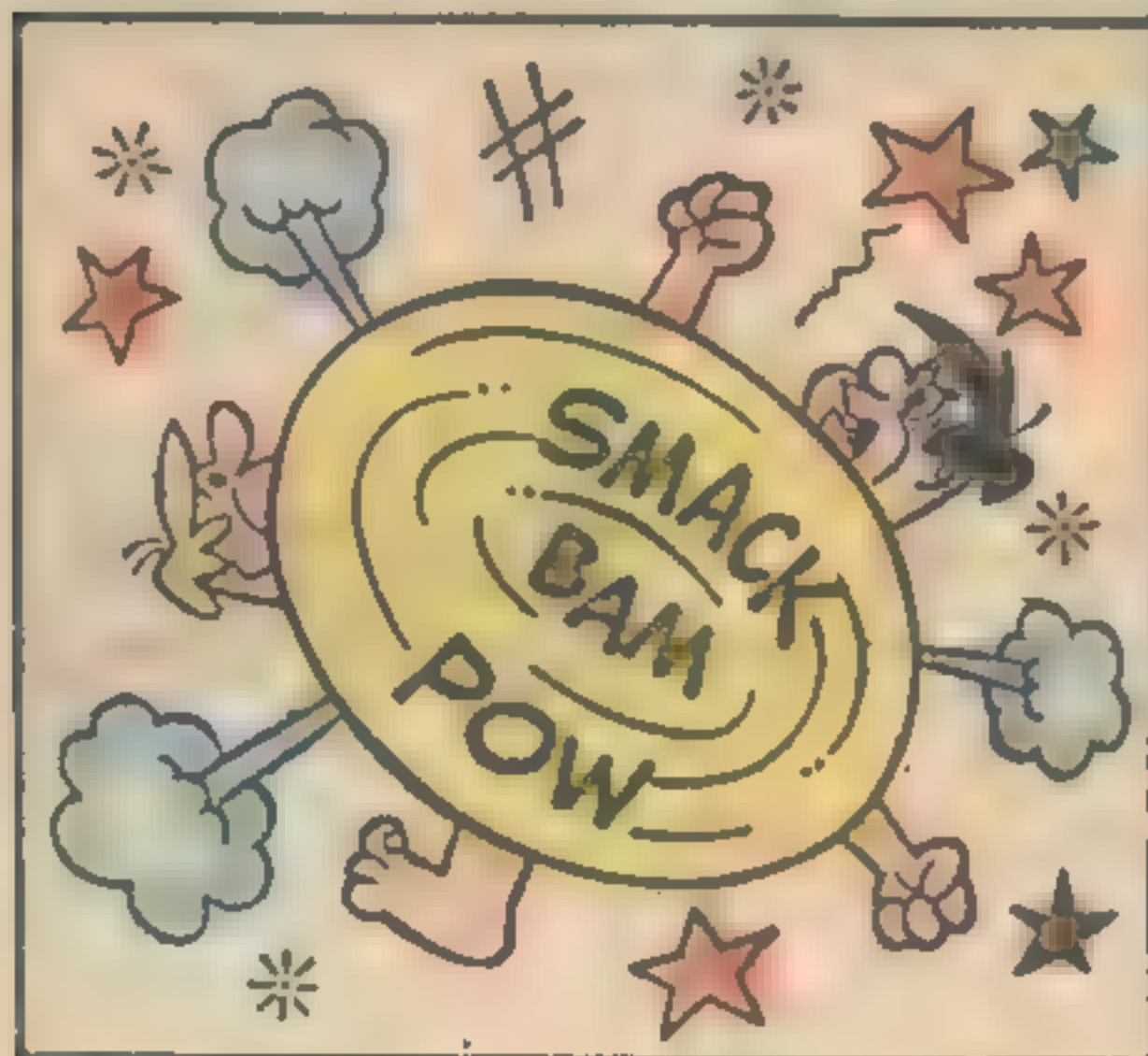
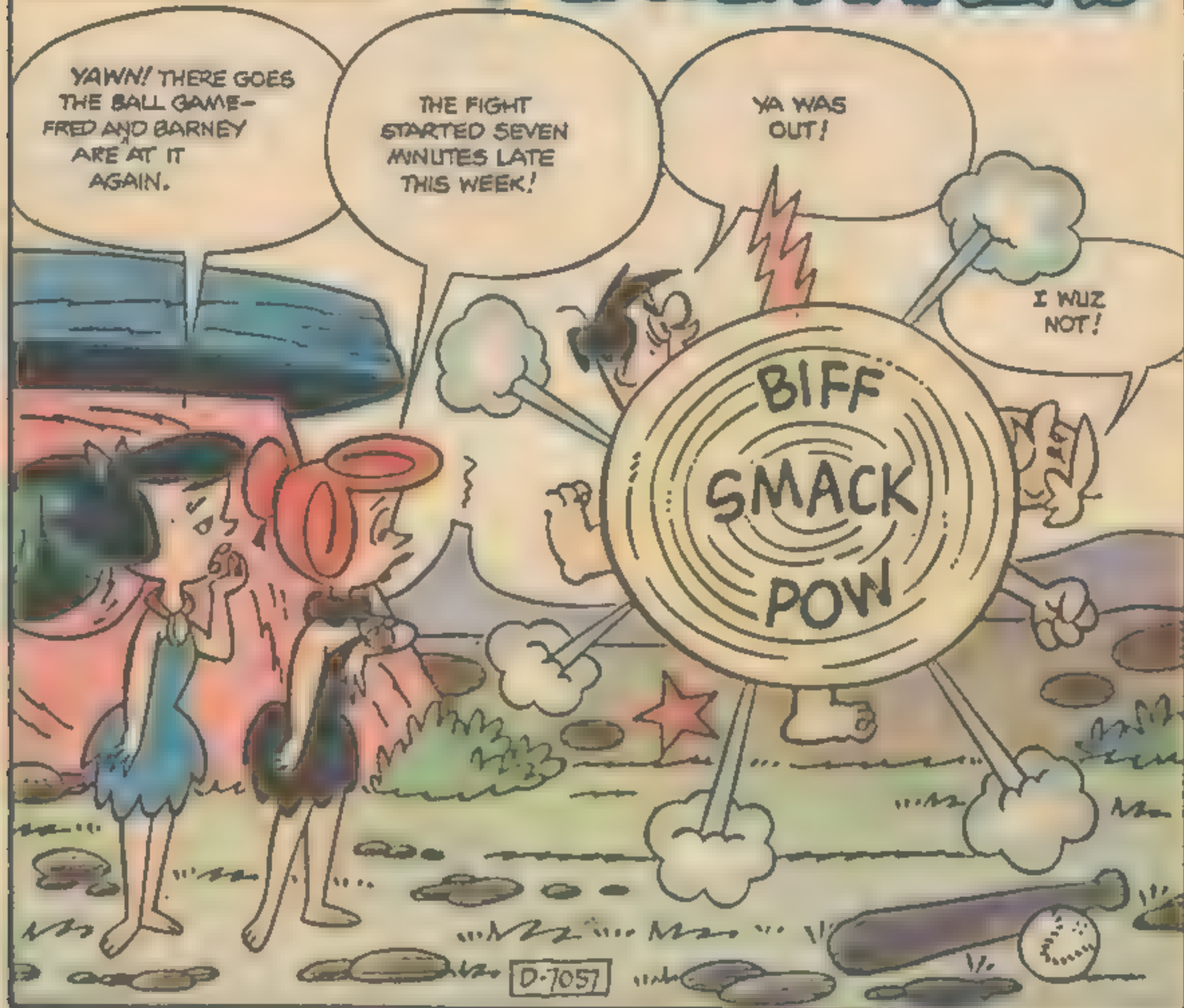
"My old bowling ball!" answered Fred.

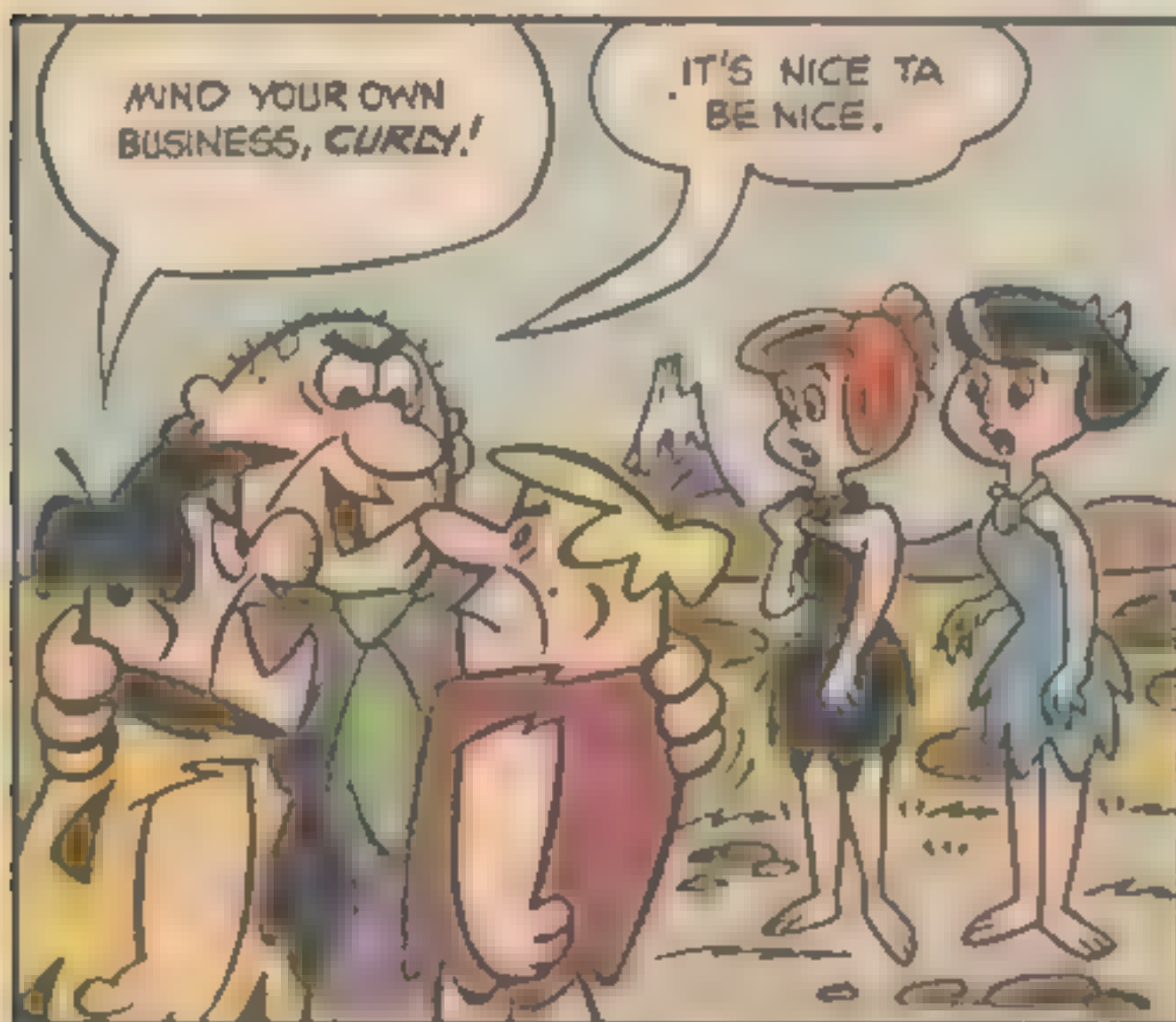
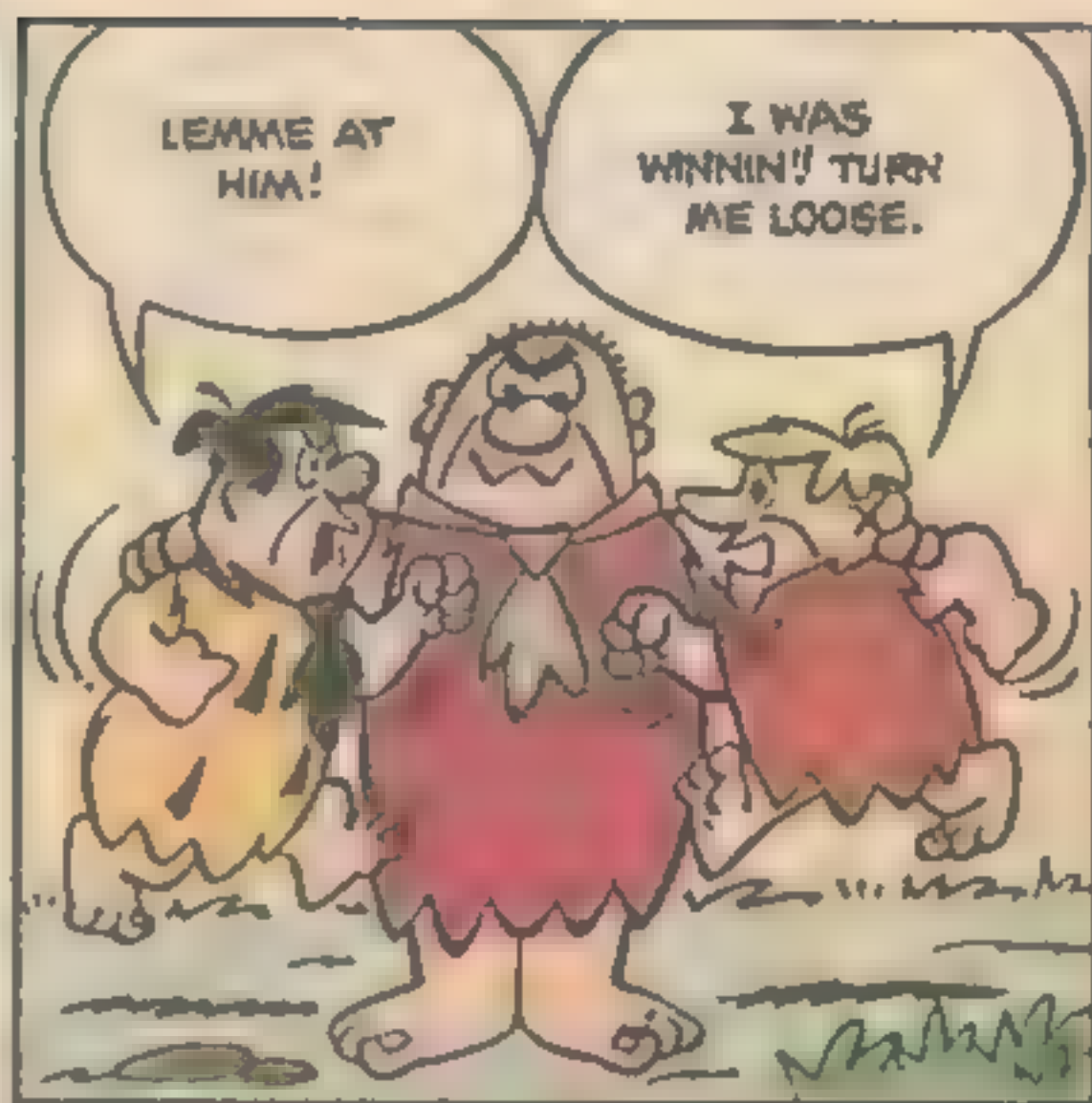
"I gave that to Dina, dear," Wilma answered. "I think he buried it out in the yard."

Fred sighed, got the lantern and the shovel, and went out in the yard.



The FLINTSTONES the PEACEMAKERS





CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES

